

P O E M S.

[PRICE THREE SHILLINGS.]

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B Y

K
J O H N R A N N I E.

a young Scotsman, of little or no Education. I saw him behind the Counter in Taylor's Shop in Holbome, as a Journeyman or very low wages. He made himself known to me, as the Author of these Poems; yet seemed to be modest & ingenuous. He certainly has Genius.

LET MERCY SEASON JUSTICE.——

———IT IS TWICE BLESS'D;

IT BLESSETH HIM THAT GIVES, AND HIM THAT TAKES.

SHAKESPEAR.

L O N D O N :

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P O E M S

JOHN RANNEY

CHAMBERLAIN



BRITISH MUSEUM

PASTORAL I.

AMINTOR AND LAVINIA.

PASTORALS.

"In rural seats the soul of pleasure reigns;
The life of Beauty fills the rural scenes;
Ev'n Love (if Fame the truth of Love declare)
Drew first the breathings of a rural air.
Some pleasing meadow pregnant Beauty prest,
She laid her Infant on its flow'ry breast,
From Nature's sweets he sipp'd the fragrant dew,
He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew."

PARNELL.

PASTORAL.

to find the soul of pleasure;
The life of beauty with the rural scenes;
Ev'ry Love (I know the truth of Love declare)
Draws and the blessings of a rural scene.
Some planting meadow, fragrant beauty find,
She laid her infant on his flow'ry bed,
From Nature's breast he suck'd the fragrant dew,
He smiled, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew.

THE END.

PASTORAL I.

MORNING.

AMINTOR AND LAVINIA.

WHILE bright'ning fun-beams tinge the east with gold,
His flocks AMINTOR follows from the fold:
And, slow, as o'er the dewy plain they pass,
The straggling lambkins nip the tender grass:
While homeward, oft, the shepherd turns his eyes
To view the scene where all his treasure lies;
The scene, where his LAVINIA smiles, and shares
The mellow'd joys of life—without its cares.
He hesitates—then—turns and looks again;
But, to behold his charmer, looks in vain:
And feels such grief, as from her cot he hies,
As ADAM felt when leaving Paradise;
Him, in his flight, his loving Partner join'd,
But poor AMINTOR's love remains behind:

~~His flock he leaves along the vale to stray,~~
While, thus, he breathes his sorrow in his lay.

I. A M I N T O R.

Again the morning smiles in beauty bright,
And genial Nature feels renew'd delight ;
Fair, on her scenes, bright Phœbus darts his ray ;
Glow on the flowers and sweeps the dew away.
The blooming hawthorn whitens round the fields,
And, to the air, the sweetest fragrance yields ;
Mild blows the humble daisy in the dale,
And meekly blooms the lily of the vale :
The hills are cover'd o'er with yellow broom ;
And fragrant furze, that bears a deeper bloom ;
Where roams the boy, tho' sharpest thorn invest,
And seeks with nicest care the linnet's nest.
Exulting in its pride, the landscape glows,
And softly thro' the vale the river flows :
The charming scenes of Nature all are gay,
But, Nature's brightest Beauty is away !

The tuneful lark, on downy wings up-borne,
With melting music hails the rosy morn ;
Breathing his strain, he cleaves the vaulted sky,
And heav'n's own echoes to his notes reply :

With

With strains more soft the warblers charm each grove,
 And gladden Nature with the songs of Love.
 Yet, tho' the birds sing sweet on every tree,
 LAVINIA's songs are sweeter far to me.
 Tho', with his warbling, heav'n's own echoes ring,
 LAVINIA sweeter than the lark can sing:
 Sweet, as the warbling of th' angelic choir,
 And, rich in melody, her songs expire!

Tho' Nature seems to chide the woes I bear,
 I grieve that my LAVINIA is not here;
 For, tho' unnumber'd beauties round me rise,
 When she is absent, every comfort dies;
 I know no happiness but in her sight;
 Where all is harmony, and pure delight.
 And now, while my sad eyes explore the plain,
 The object of their search is sought in vain.

O come LAVINIA to thy shepherd's arms;
 And gild the face of Nature with thy charms!
 O come, while yet the plummy people sing,
 And view the rising beauties of the spring;
 Bright sun-beams on thy Cottage windows play,
 Arise, my best belov'd, and come away!

Display, like Phœbus thro' the glowing skies,
 The living lustre of thy beaming eyes!
 And clear the clouds of grief that hang on me;
 'Thy shepherd—thy AMINTOR, waits for thee;

Blest Powers! in beauty, like the Cyprian Queen,
 Now, with her flock, she moves along the green!
 While unobserv'd, I'll lurk behind the shade,
 And view the beauties of my blooming maid.

L A V I N I A.

Fair Spring again leads on the smiling hours;
 Again she paints the fields, and decks the bow'rs:
 In yonder vale, her fairest flow'rs abound;
 And balmy gales of fragrance breathe around.
 All Nature smiles—the feather'd race rejoice,
 But yet I hear not my AMINTOR's voice!

White on the plain his fleecy flocks appear;
 His watchful dog a calm attendant near:
 His frisking lambs upon the pasture play;
 Ah! whither can their lovely shepherd stray?
 Among his flocks, I'll leave my charge to rove;
 And, in the blooming valley seek my love.

AMINTOR.

A M I N T O R.

Stay, my LAVINIA—stay my only dear ;
Behold thy shepherd—thy AMINTOR here :
Blest in the presence of his Love to be
Supremely blest—because belov'd of thee !

L A V I N I A.

To hear thee, my AMINTOR, I rejoice ;
So heav'nly is the music of thy voice :
And list'ning Angels might be proud to hear,
The love-exalted accents are so dear.

A M I N T O R.

To gaze on thee exalts me to delight ;
And all the landscape brightens on my sight !
And all the woods shall with thy praises ring ;
Thou'rt lovely as the lily of the spring !

L A V I N I A.

While on thy matchless form I fondly gaze,
I view such beauty as the Sun displays !
High heaves my heart with transport at the sight ;
AMINTOR, Thou'rt the Sun of my Delight !

A M I N T O R.

AMINTOR.

I think of thee, when, thro' the Sky serene;
 In beauty, I behold Night's silver Queen:
 As she is bright, amid the Starry Train,
 Among'st the nymphs, Thou'rt lovely on the Plain.

LAVINIA.

Late as I stray'd, at Evening's tranquil hour,
 Thy tuneful strains were sweet in yonder bow'r;
 I saw the birds around the covert throng,
 To steal new graces from thy matchless song.

AMINTOR.

Yet far more soft thy melting strains arise;
 And far more sweet the tuneful accent dies.
 Thy song excels the Linnet's sweetest lay;
 Or Philomela's at the close of day.

But see our mingled flocks at rest are laid
 In the cool shelter of the Hawthorn-shade;
 With safety we may leave our fleecy care,
 And for a while to yonder Vale repair;
 Where Nature's milder Glories are display'd,
 While frowning Rocks o'ertop the shelving glade;
 There

There let us love, while ev'ry scene is fair,
While Nature paints the earth and scents the air :
For fast, as Evening steals upon the Day,
The charms of Nature hasten to decay :
Let us, my Love, while yet in Life we're young,
Improve the moments as they roll along ;
Improve the fleeting moments, ere they fling
Eternal Shadows o'er Life's blooming Spring !

PASTORAL II.

N O O N.

ALEXIS AND LYSANDER.

ALEXIS.

WHILE Phœbus now his brightest splendour pours,
 The busy Bees draw sweetness from the flow'rs;
 And now, dejected with the fervid ray,
 The plummy Train in silence preſs the ſpray:
 The languid Herd, with ſick'ning heat oppreſt,
 Neglect their food, and under hedges reſt:
 Our Flocks no longer on their paſture prey;
 But to ſurrounding ſhades for ſhelter ſtray:
 The weary Goats forſake the browzy hill,
 To draw new ſpirit from the ſhrinking rill:
 The ſcorching Sun beats fiercely on the bow'rs;
 And Nature droops beneath his ſultry Pow'rs,

While

While countless Insects wanton in the Beam
That browns the bending Grass, and dries the glowing Stream.

LYSANDER, let us leave the sunny glade ;
And seek the deeper bosom of the shade,
Where on the flow'ry turf at ease reclin'd,
A cool and fragrant shelter we may find ;
For here Iicken in the solar ray ;
And long to shield me from the glare of Day.
But why, my Friend, art thou dissolv'd in woe ?
What secret sorrow prompts the tear to flow ?
And wherefore dost thou turn away thine eyes
To wipe the faithful tokens as they rise ?
Indeed, LYSANDER, it is most unkind,
From me to hide the sorrows of thy mind :
When to allay the fever of thy grief,
Consoling Friendship might afford relief.

L Y S A N D E R.

On yonder Bow'r is fix'd my ardent gaze ;
Whose verdure withers in the noon-tide blaze ;
Remembrance pauses on the solemn scene
And tells my bleeding heart how blest I've been ;
—Arranging images of lost delight,
That sink my present woes in deeper night.

ALEXIS, thou art but a stranger here ;
Nor know'st the cause why I such torments bear ;
Yet keenest agonies I still must prove ;
Since lost the beauteous object of my love.

In yonder Bow'r, of yew and cypress made,
O'er which the Oaks expand their grateful shade,
And near the mournful murmur of the wave,
Lies Emmelina in the peaceful grave.
The fairest maid that ever grac'd the plain ;
As was allow'd by all the Village Train.

Oh! she was fair, beyond conception fair!
Most heav'nly was her love-inspiring air!
And to complete the beauties of her face
Her mind was stor'd with each superior grace:
For when admiring friends her charms allur'd,
The beauties of her mind their love secur'd.
Her cheek ne'er colour'd with the glow of shame
As from her breast no thought polluted came ;
Still, on her face, she wore fair Candour's smile ;
And rose in virtue, undebas'd with guile.
To wound her fame was more than slander dar'd ;
And Envy flatter'd whom Detraction spar'd :
So flourish'd here, in innocence array'd,
The peerless Beauty of the Sylvan Shade.

To court her smile unnumber'd suitors strove;
And many boasting wealth implor'd her love:
But she renounc'd the dazzling charms of Gold,
Left, as the Ore, the Owner should prove cold;
And, from the Crowd that bent the yielding knee,
With partial preference, selected me!

I strove to recompence, with honour due,
The smiling Object of a flame so true;
And every action serv'd my heart to prove
More tender—more devoted to her love.

United thus, we trod the paths of youth,
Our flame increasing, and unchang'd our truth:
Or, on the plain, or wandering in the grove,
Our bosoms glow'd with all the fire of Love.
On these lov'd scenes we went together still;
Our mingled flocks together sought the hill;
While, to the woods, we breath'd our sacred flame,
Till they became enamour'd of the theme:
Where'er we wander'd we enjoy'd content;
And Love went with us wheresoe'er we went.
The smiling Hours, swift hast'ning on their flight,
Beheld our transport—our unfeign'd delight.
But soon Misfortune reach'd that blissful state
And threw eternal darkness on our fate.

Where,

Where, thro' the Valley, winds the silver wave,
Once Emmelina stray'd at pensive Eve;
Her flocks along the margin scattered wide,
Stood list'ning to the undulating tide;
While she, responsive to the Linnet's lay,
A Farewell warbled to the vanish'd Day.

An heedless lamb, which near the River stood,
With fond attention ey'd the wand'ring flood,
And, stooping from the utmost verge to drink,
The swelling surges swept it from the brink.

To save its life, fair Emmelina flew
And of a drooping willow grasp'd the bough,
Which trembled o'er the stream, thro' verdure dank,
(The aged root deep buried in the bank)
When parted from its trunk the faithless spray;
And the proud Current bore its Prize away!

" I saw Her meet the fury of the wave!"
But, oh, I saw without the pow'r to save!
Yet, swift as lightning, darting from the steep,
Then plunging suddenly into the deep,
I caught—and buffetting the surges, bore
The lovely Virgin, lifeless to the shore!

But

But still I'm doom'd the load of life to bear:
 Tho' death were bliss—and life is all despair.
 For in her death my fondest hopes were crost;
 And every comfort in this world is lost!

O Emmelina! how my weary soul
 Loaths the sad confines of this earthly goal!
 It pants, from hence, to wing its flight on high
 And meet thy fainted Spirit in the Sky:
 O how I long, at the Celestial shrine
 Where thou dost, circled round with glory, shine,
 To call again thy Angel-brightness mine!

The forrowing Bird, imprison'd in a cage,
 Pours forth, in like captivity its rage:
 Hung out (its fellow warbler to entice
 With all its moving melody of voice,)
 It views with fond regret its partner free,
 And longs to share an equal liberty;
 Exhausts in vain complaints its tuneful breath,
 Till on the wires it beats itself to death!

But come, ALEXIS, let us seek the shade,
 Where Emmelina's lov'd remains are laid:
 Where thou may'st trace her monumental praise,
 Which in its wounded bark the Oak displays;
 While bending o'er the dust I hold most dear,
 Again I pour the tributary tear!

PASTORAL III.

EVENING.

DAMON AND MENALCAS.

DAMON.

WHILE modest Evening sheds the grateful tear,
 Releas'd from toil, the Oxen homeward wear :
 And, o'er the plain, the ploughman whistles shrill,
 As Phœbus, now descending on the hill
 Throws o'er the glowing West a thousand dyes,
 And streaks, with lines of gold, the varied skies.

MENALCAS.

And now, from food, their charge the herdsmen drive ;
 While loaded bees crowd thick about the hive :
 They pass progressively their narrow way,
 And treasure up the labours of the day :

Mean

Mean while, ascending on the fleecy cloud,
The Lark his song of rapture warbles loud.

D A M O N.

The wily Hawk explores the hedge with care;
And darts upon the bird that warbles there:
With piercing talons there secures his prey;
Now swift, on lengthen'd pinion, sails away:
The Lapwing lightly skims the marshy ground,
And tires the ear with one unvaried sound.

M E N A L C A S.

Now yelling Crows, that form a sable cloud,
Around their nightly habitation crowd;
Now, to the thickest shelter of the wood,
Bear nourishment to fill their craving brood:
And, on the branches of yon wither'd Oaks,
The Owl shrieks, and the fullen Raven croaks.

D A M O N.

But sweetest music fills the blooming bow'rs;
And crystal dew hangs glist'ning on the flow'rs:
While soft, and solemn as the sighs of Love,
The balmy zephyrs breathe in every grove.

M E N A L C A S.

Now, where the River draws the silver line,
 The Peacock roosts upon the lofty Pine ;
 And far above the distant Village flies
 The curling smoke and mixes with the skies..

D A M O N.

Now softly the pale clouds of night descend ;
 As slowly we our flocks from pasture bend :
 Our lingering flocks,—that still delight to spread
 And draw the liquid blessing from the blade.

M E N A L C A S.

But let us wind them faster o'er the wold
 Our neighbouring flocks have long possess'd the fold ::
 I see my DELIA hast'ning to the grove, ,
 And cannot tarry longer from my love.

D A M O N.

I saw her now with ROSILINDA part ;
 Life of my soul, and idol of my heart ;
 Who waits, with such anxiety, for me,
 MENALCAS, as thy DELIA waits for thee.

M E N A L C A S.

'Sweet is the dew-drop to the drooping flow'r;
 To Philomela sweet the Evening hour:
 Sweet to the Bee the purple-blossom'd heath;
 But sweeter far to me is DELIA's breath.

D A M O N.

Sweet to the Captive, from his dungeon borne,
 The lucid light that gilds the purple morn;
 Sweet to the Slave the sound that sets him free;
 But sweeter ROSILINDA's voice to me.

M E N A L C A S.

'Tho' bright to view the sweet Carnations rise,
 My DELIA's cheeks outshine their purest dyes:
 Tho' bright the Di'monds sparkle in the Mine,
 Her eyes with far superior lustre shine.

D A M O N.

'Tho' bright the bloom of Sharon's lovely rose,
 On ROSILINDA's cheek more beauty glows:
 Tho' bright the lustre of the Evening Star,
 The lustre of her eye is brighter far.

P O E M S.

M E N A L C A S.

Tho' fair the blooming Lily of the vale,
 That Lily, on my DELIA's breast looks pale :
 The spotless Alabaſter, when with care
 'Tis poliſh'd and refin'd, looks not ſo fair.

D A M O N.

Tho' mild Narciffus' open fair to view,
 On ROSILINDA's breast they loſe their hue :
 In whitenefs it excels the mountain Snow
 Ere, on its purity, the Day-ſtar glow.

M E N A L C A S.

As pants for liberty the captive Bird,
 As pant for cooling ſtreams the thirſty Herd,
 As, for its Partner, pants yon mournful Dove,
 So pants my heart, oh DELIA! for thy love.

D A M O N.

As pants the Miſer to augment his ſtore,
 As pants the ſhipwreck'd Sailor for the ſhore,
 As pants the Sire to claſp the long loſt child,
 I pant, my Love, to hear thy accents mild !

M E N A L-

M E N A L C A S.

Relief is dear to Those that are in pain;
 Dear to the Blind their sight restor'd again;
 The stream which feeds my life, tho' dear to me,
 My DELIA, is not half so dear as thee!

D A M O N.

Renown is dear to the brave sons of Mars;
 Praise to the worthy soldier grac'd with scars:
 Beyond my life, my faith is dear to me,
 And, ROSILINDA, it is pledg'd to thee!

M E N A L C A S.

Should briny tears my DELIA's cheek bedew;
 Mild Nature seems to lose each blooming hue;
 The mournful gale breathes sadder thro' the grove,
 And pitying warblers cease their songs of love.

D A M O N.

Should my Love smile all Nature looks more fair;
 A sweeter fragrance scents the vernal air:
 More heav'nly sounds are borne along the gales,
 And softer songs are warbled in the vales.

M E N A L C A S.

Should DELIA sing, the melting strains of Love
 Are such as warbling Angels breathe above :
 Attentive spirits listen and rejoice,
 To find perfection in a human voice.

D A M O N.

Such Music flows in ROSILINDA's strains,
 As fill'd with wonder Bethl'em's lowly swains,
 When the distinguish'd Angel, from above,
 Saluted them with songs of heav'nly Love.

M E N A L C A S.

I own thy Fair inherits every grace
 That beautifies the Mind as well as Face ;
 But tho' in Nature's brightest charms she rise
 In each—in all with her my DELIA vies !

D A M O N.

In beauty DELIA, when she joins the Train,
 Excels the fairest Virgin of the Plain ;
 But ROSILINDA dignifies the scene,
 She looks an Angel, and she moves a Queen.

Now to the plain the Shepherds lead the Fair,
 Where nymphs and swains the village-pastime share,

There

There mighty Love, the Magnet of the Soul,
Draws heart to heart, and scorns to brook controul.
O fly! and bring thy DELIA from the grove,
MENALCAS, while I hasten for my Love:
With pleasure's train they lead the dance along,
Give converse grace—give energy to song:
Charm the admiring throng with beauty bright,
And add new spirit to each new delight!

PASTORAL IV.

NIGHT.

AMARYLLUS.

WHILE murky shadows thicken o'er the plains,
 And Philomela pours the only strains
 That break the silence of the Night profound,
 And wake the echoes of the Hills around;
 Save, when, accordant as her sorrows flow,
 The dying Gale moans o'er the Lyre of Woe,
 Poor AMARYLLUS seeks the lonely grove,
 A shepherd, pining for PARTHENIA'S love;
 And, while he mourns, the Victim of her Scorn,
 Thro' founding woods the fond complaint is borne.

AMARYLLUS.

While other Swains enjoy the sweets of sleep,
 From rest secluded, here, I'm left to weep;

To muse and murmur o'er my wretched state,
 In scenes that look as dismal as my fate:
 Here left to stray, bereav'd of every friend
 That could a balm to my afflictions lend,
 In solitude more sorrows to create,
 The hapless victim of PARTHENIA's hate.
 Take heed, ye wand'ring swains, and shun her snares,
 Who sees her loves—who loves, like me, despairs.

Be likewise warn'd, ye shepherds of the plain,
 Nor seek the fair PARTHENIA's heart to gain,
 Lest ye should also fall the prey of care,
 As all who court that scornful Beauty are:
 O shun PARTHENIA—she is haughty—vain:
 “She first entices, then insults the swain.”
 And yet her charms are such alluring snares,
 Who sees her loves—who loves, like me, despairs.

PARTHENIA! sure there's ruin in the name,
 For so was call'd the fair Arcadian dame:
 Thro' whose disdainful pride MENALCAS died! *
 And for whose beauty false EVANDER sigh'd;
 He long did mindless of DIONE, run
 Pursuing her by whom he was undone:

* GAY's Dione.

So round the taper the fond Insect flies ;
 Enamour'd of the flame in which it dies.

PARTHENIA's charms are more alluring snares,
 Who sees her loves—who loves, like me, despairs.

And better far for ever stopp'd the breath
 Than every hour to suffer worse than death :
 To feel the pangs of complicated pain
 In a tormenting Beauty's proud disdain :
 To pine the bloom of rosy life away,
 Detest the Night, and loath the joyless Day,
 Yet such the woes that AMARYLLUS proves,
 Unminded by the object that he loves :
 PARTHENIA heeds not AMARYLLUS' sighs ;
 She heeds not AMARYLLUS tho' he dies !
 Be warn'd, ye blooming swains, and shun her snares,
 Who sees her loves—who loves, like me, despairs.

Gay as the blithest shepherd on the green,
 Once AMARYLLUS in the dance was seen :
 Jovial and free, a stranger then to care,
 I claim'd in all the village-sports a share ;
 Light, as the Hours, I flew along the wild,
 Fair Hope and smiling Fancy's playful child
 But now I seek the village-sports no more ;
 Nor blooming plains with mirthful measures wore :

The

The Hours no longer teem with joy to me ;
O Love ! they now are sadden'd all by thee !
The while PARTHENIA'S pride augments my cares,
Who sees her loves—who loves, like me, despairs !

Well I remember when the village train
First led the gay PARTHENIA to the plain :
Fair as the lily among thorns is seen,
She stood among the Virgins on the green :
Intranc'd I saw, and, burning with desire,
Then Love, and not till then, I felt thy fire :
The Model of Perfection stood in view,
And swift o'er every charm my wand'ring glances flew,
Take heed, ye swains, of her alluring snares,
Who sees her loves—who loves, like me, despairs.

Altho' my tongue the rising flame conceal'd,
My eyes the passion of the soul reveal'd,
And while each glance with love and transport stream'd,
PARTHENIA'S eyes with equal passions beam'd ;
Who often gave me, rich in all that charm'd,
The look that flatter'd, and the smile that warm'd :
While Fancy imag'd scenes of future joy,
And Hope insur'd me bliss without annoy :
Ah ! soon I saw Hope's promis'd dreams decay ;
And Fancy's fairy prospects fade away.

Ideal pleasure sunk in real pain—
Which saps the dregs of life that now remain,
Be warn'd, ye blooming swains, and shun her snares,
Who sees her loves—who loves, like me, despairs.

Soon as I led the Virgin to the grove,
And to her ear convey'd the strains of love,
Cold as the wind, on which the sounds were borne,
The vows of passion she return'd with scorn.
Take heed, ye blooming swains, and shun her snares,
Who sees her loves—who loves, like me, despairs.

Now Cynthia in the East her orb displays:
And all the starry Glories round her blaze:
They pour a lustre o'er the face of Night,
Ah! whither shall I fly to shun the light?

Lo! in the gloom of yonder dismal Cave,
Whose rugged sides the dashing surges lave,
I'll waste the remnant of my hours in grief;
And only hope in Death the kind relief!

But should it prove a haunt where Ghosts convene,
While cheerless Midnight holds her sullen reign,
Pale spectres round may cast the hollow glare;
And rouse to raging madness deep despair!

Envenom'd Serpents poison with their breath,
 Or yelling Furies terrify to death!--
 Yet let me Death or Madness undergo,
 So I, in either state, forget my Woe!

Farewel, ye blooming Fields! ye flow'ry Plains!
 Farewel, my tuneful Pipe, thy sprightly strains!
 Farewel, my Flocks, that seem'd to share my pain,
 Be now the care of a more happy swain!
 Farewel, my Friends, no more I meet your view,
 I wish you well, and bid you all adieu!
 Farewel, PARTHENIA! lovely, cruel maid,---
 Farewel thy scorn, I only would have said!
 I bear thine Image on my bleeding Heart,
 And, till I rest in Death, we will not part!

ODE TO YOUTH.

I.

OH Youth! thou Morning of Delight,
Thy streams are clear, thy skies are bright;
And all thy scenes are gay:
But soon thy Sportive hours are gone,
And Mortals find, they but fore-run
Age—Life's succeeding Day.

Youth, let me then, while yet I'm thine,
Thy pleasures all enjoy;
Ere Age's many frailties join
The blessing to destroy.

Now seizing, the pleasing
Memento's of delight,
If mine all, they'll shine all
In Retrospection bright.

II.

To me the scenes of Life are new,

The blessings many---troubles few ;

And Hope's a smiling Friend :

But Happiness may quickly fly ;

---Hope's visionary prospects die,

And Grief my steps attend.

My heart, if Love become its care,

Then only breathe to sigh ;

And then---should Scorn enhance Despair,

Each thought of comfort die !

While moaning, and groaning

Beneath excessive pain,

I'd move then, and prove then

The torments of Disdain.

PATHETIC TALE.

WITHIN a lowly clay-built Shed,
 Erst SARAH liv'd with JOHN,
 Whom bands of holy Wedlock had
 United long in one.

They led, from care and trouble free,
 In happiness, their Life;
 A kind and tender Husband he,
 And she a loving Wife.

But, ah, how frail is human bliss!
 At length she fell distressed;
 While he, applied the soothing kifs,
 Till *tir'd*, he sunk in rest.

When lo! the soul of SARAH fled
 While JOHN was fast asleep;
 Who cried, when he beheld her dead,
 "I only wake to weep."

“ For here, alas ! to my regret,
The lovely SARAH lies ;
The victim of relentless Fate,
Ah ! never more to rise.

“ Her eyes, that once were wont all bright
As lucid stars to blaze !
Are dimm'd ;—since o'er the balls of light
DEATH drew the ghastly glaze.

“ Eyes that,—the soften'd look of love,
And look of friendship were :—
No more shall in their orbits move,
Shall view the light no more !

“ How cold these hands, which now I grasp,
How pale this much-lov'd face ;
Ah, DEATH ! 'twas cruel not to clasp
Us both in one embrace.

“ Yet calm and peaceful she doth rest,
Exempt from every pain :
But, oh ! I feel my tortur'd breast
Will ne'er know peace again.”

The neighbours all assembled round,
 His rising griefs to calm,
 And, to beguile the night profound,
 Propos'd to sing—a Psalm:

With looks assenting, JOHN, whose cheeks
 Were wet with Sorrow's tear,
 The book in every corner seeks,
 It found,—he then drew near,

And solemnly these lines he read:
 To each astonish'd guest;
 “Because of this my heart is glad,
 “And joy shall be express.”*

* Sixteenth Psalm. The Kirk of Scotland Version.

LORENZO.

L O R E N Z O.

P A S T O R A L E L E G Y.

YE Vallies to which I complain,
 Now trac'd with tear-streaming eye,
 I know that my sorrows are vain,
 Yet love to indulge the fond sigh!

II.
 To muse on the days that are flown,
 To think dearest Lucy on thee!
 My heart must be cold as thy own,
 Ere lost the remembrance can be.

III.
 When summer in beauty array'd
 Shone here with a splendor refin'd,
 In thee all its charms were display'd,
 In thee all its beauties conjoin'd.

IV.

Thy smile, to its lustre serene,
 The glories of Eden restor'd :
 Whose death gave a damp to the scene,—
 Whose Death will be ever deplor'd !

V.

Who rose, the sweet Flow'r of Delight !
 Of Nature's perfection, in bloom :
 Now lost in the confines of Night,
 —Conceal'd in the shade of the Tomb !

VI.

In whom love and friendship I found ;
 Heart-piercing reflection to me !
 O Lucy—each object around
 Reminds thy LORENZO of thee.

VII.

The Winter now frowns on the year,
 And loudly the hurricanes howl,
 How lov'd!—for a semblance they bear
 To the tempests that rage in my soul !

VIII.

All Nature is fadden'd to woe,
 The songsters no longer are gay;
 Dejected they sit on each bough,
 And mourn o'er the season's decay!

IX.

But Nature again shall rejoice;
 And Spring all her Beauties restore;
 The songsters again raise their voice
 In melody sweet as before!

X.

The scene that so gloomy appears,
 Again shall its brightness resume:
 Yet I shall explore it in tears,
 Nor raise my sad hopes from the tomb!

XI.

The Tomb, over which I recline,
 That cruelly keeps thee from view,
 Dear Lucy, may shortly be mine!
 That prospect is all I pursue.

XII.

The Sports of the Village I wave;
 No longer endearing to me:
 O Lucy—my soul's in thy grave,*
 My wishes all center in thee!

* My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar;
 And I must pause—till it come back again.

SHAKESPEAR.

SONG TO CUPID.

I.

O GENTLE Cupid, thou sweet God of Love!

How blest are they, thy mutual joys who prove.

The Gods, that dwell in Rivers and in Groves,

All own the force of thy superiour pow'r;

And lonely Philomel, that sadly roves,

Sings sweet of thee at mid-night's awful hour.

'Tis only through thy influence all things move;

O gentle Cupid, thou sweet God of Love!

II.

Love shoots already thro' the lisping Child

That smiling fings, and plays the flow'rs among;

As Nature, thro' the rose that opens mild,

When Spring and Pleasure lead the hours along.

How blest are they, thy mutal joys who prove,

O gentle Cupid, thou sweet God of Love!

III. They're

III.

They're dull that love not, as the stagnate Lake,
Their Life more cheerless than the Winter's gloom ;
Or silent Birds whom all the Train forsake,
And barren as the Trees which never bloom.
But they are blest thy mutual joys who prove,
O gentle Cupid, thou sweet God of Love!

IV.

To them who love and are belov'd again,
The sounding streams more pleasant rush along ;
The flow'rs have milder charms that scent the plain,
While every warbler sings a sweeter song ;
And thy delights, the charm of life, they prove ;
O gentle Cupid, thou sweet God of Love!

S O N G.

THERE'S nought in Nature to admire
So bright as dear MELETA's eye:
There's nought so strong as my desire,
So sacred as my loyalty.

Pure, as her virtue, is my flame;
And I were blest would she approve;
Unmatch'd in beauty and in fame,
She's all in charms that I'm in love!

II.

To wear her image from my mind
I often mingle with the gay;
With Pleasure's Train, in folly join'd,
I seek for peace and find dismay.
Tho' she delights in giving pain,
Unkind and cruel to my love,
A firm adherence I maintain;
For nought my constancy can move.

III.

Why is the treasure of my care
 Cold as the ashes of the Urn?
 And why, when deaf to every pray'r,
 Do I for fair MELETE burn?
 We've love and merit, from among
 The blessings, which the Gods bestow:
 The merit doth to her belong;
 But, with the love, I only glow!*

* The Writer of these trifles requests the Reader will observe, that the above song, taken from the French of Corneille, was made into verse from the following sentences, which were given to him by a Friend; having himself no knowledge of that Language; and, GESSNER's song to Cupid, from a similar translation.

AFTER the eye of MELETE, there is nothing admirable; there is nothing solid after my loyalty; my flame, like her worth, is rendered incomparable; and, I am all in love, that she is in beauty.

In spite of the novelties offered to my senses, my heart is, to all intreaties, rendered invulnerable; although she is at the same time cruel, my fidelity, notwithstanding all these rigours, is *not* rendered unstable.

How comes it, then, that I meet, in this extreme Beauty, an extreme coldness? and, that, without being loved, I burn for MELETE?—Among the blessings of the Gods they confer to us love and merit; she has all the merit, and I have all the love.

S O N G

THE modest Violet of the Vale,
Gives fragrance to the vernal gale ;
And blooms, the beauty of the dale,
Each lovely scene adorning :
As sweet a Flow'r as Flora rears
The Violet of the Vale appears ;
And, while it greets the Sun in tears,
It beautifies the Morning.

But, ah, its tender stalk is frail !
And trembles to the slightest gale :
Should tempests, pitiless, assail
The Flow'r—its beauty scorning,
The humble Violet would be found
No longer shedding glories round,
But Night see level'd with the ground
The Flow'r that grac'd the Morning.

O LAURA! Nature's meekest Flow'r!
 Thou Violet of the present Hour,
 Why dost thou triumph in thy pow'r?
 And fly, my passion scorning!
 Sweet Maid! consider ere too late,
 And, in the Violet's, read thy fate:
 The charms are of as transient date
 Which grace thy smiling Morning!

SONG.

S O N G.

I TOLD my Charmer, that of wealth,
 Tho' little was my store,
 I still would strive, while blest with health,
 To make that little more.
 Content should, thro' my labour, smile,
 And every care remove;
 If she—the solace of my toil,
 Would bless me with her Love!

Her lily hand I softly prest,
 And kiss'd the falling tear;
 A sigh of pity heav'd her breast,
 Which spoke the soul sincere.
 That spotless shrine, where virtue lies,
 May pity ever move!
 But, in her lustre-streaming eyes,
 I found expressive Love.

A W H I T E R O S E.

MEET bud of Beauty, leave the Bow'r,
 Nor longer there thy fragrance blend:
 To LAURA go, thou sweeter Flow'r
 Than e'er the blood of BEAUTY stain'd!*

Yet boast not vainly, when caress'd,
 Thy colour pure, thy fragrance fine;
 Her Bosom is more sweetly chaste,
 Her Breath,—an odour more divine!

* Venus, when flying in pursuit of Adonis, run the thorn of a Rose tree into her foot; by which accident, its flower was changed from the original colour to a most beautiful red.—OVID.

T O
L A U R A.

OH LAURA! idol of my Soul!

Thy absence wakes a thousand fears ;

As, flow, the pensive moments roll,

They all are number'd with my tears.

The hours, while distant far you stray,

I chide with unremitting sighs ;

In grief, I waste the cheerless day,

And night my wonted rest denies !

How swift the moments wing'd their flight

When we together rang'd the bow'rs ;

Then, while each object gave delight,

Thy converse charm'd the smiling hours.

Now, should I seek the flow'ry plain,

In Nature's various beauties drest,

Each object serves to nourish pain,

And tells me that I once was blest.

In fancy, only, doom'd to see,
 The Charm my fondness early fought ;
 My every wish combin'd in thee,—
 Thou Image of my every thought!

Return, my drooping heart to cheer,
 In pity to my woes, return:
 My soul the gloom of night must wear,
 Till, in thy smile, she meet the morn!

S O N G.

OH Hope! sweet soother of the soul,
 With kindness look on me:
 Still guiding with thy mild controul
 The heart which leans on thee.

The present how should I endure,
 Which teems with dire dismay,
 Did not the future serve to lure
 Each pensive thought away!

O D E T O L A U R A .

*The wing of Time is laden with care;
And every Hour bath sorrows of its own.*

I.

OH LAURA! must I ever mourn
Thine absence from our native plain?
Wilt thou, dear Maid, no more return?
Are all my fond intreaties vain?
To thee I pour th' imploring strain,—
To Heav'n I breathe the fervent pray'r;
Nor thou nor Heav'n regard'st my pain,
The fruitless sounds are lost in air.

II.

While thro' these shades, the Slave of care,
I lonely and dejected rove,
Remembrance tells me, once, they were
The smiling scenes of glowing love.

H

With

With thee, dear LAURA, in each grove
 I knew the transports of Delight,
 Now doom'd the sad reverse to prove;
 Since thou art vanish'd from my sight:

III.

Whose presence made the Fields look bright,
 Whose charms are Beauty's dearest prize;
 For HE, who form'd the Orbs of Light,
 Gave mildest lustre to thine eyes:
 HE bade thy virtuous precepts rise,
 Adorn'd with every grace of thought;
 That all, who listen'd to thy voice,
 To fair Perfection might be brought.

IV.

And must that Love, with ardour fought,
 Which blooming Hope and Passion warm'd,
 —Must all the prospects end in nought,
 My fond anticipation form'd?
 The scenes whose slightest beauty charm'd,
 Oh! must they smile no more for me?
 And this poor Heart, with fear alarm'd,
 Still breathe to mourn the loss of thee!

V.

Must Grief my sad Companion be?

And Anguish ever wring my mind?

Ah, Fate! must thy severe decree

Keep those apart that Love had join'd?

In vain, its dearest bliss to find,

My Soul looks thro' the weeping eye:

Yet Fancy, to my wishes kind,

Whene'er I slumber, brings thee nigh.

VI.

Hears, Echo, to thy voice reply,

While melting strains thy bosom move;

Mild as Zephyrus' tuneful sigh

Along the plaintive Lyre of Love!

And sees the tenants of the grove,

All silent, to thy lays incline;

Afraid their own would pow'rless prove

To match the sweeter notes of thine.

VII.

Such melody, O Nymph divine!

As warbling Angels breathe above,

When all in harmony conjoin

To greet the spirit of their love!

—Just call'd from earth, the bliss to prove,
 That Rectitude did there ensure;
 Who, 'gainst the snares that Satan wove,
 In steady virtue, stood secure:

VIII.

Such Melody, with Soul as pure,
 Maid of my love belongs to thee!
 Such virtue serv'd my heart to lure;
 And love inclin'd thy heart to me.
 In love our thoughts did all agree;
 Our thoughts and wishes were the same:
 I sadly trace on every tree,
 The records of a mutual flame.

IX.

Deep in the rind they bear thy Name;
 And as the letters meet mine eyes,
 The tribute of a Sigh they claim;
 And claim the tear, regret supplies.
 And still, while adverse Fate denies
 The bliss thy presence would inspire,
 These tender marks of love will rise,
 To prompt the unallay'd desire.

X.

To aid the flow-consuming fire
 That thro' the nerves of life is borne;
 And bid the slender hope expire,
 Which sooths me as I wail forlorn:
 The hope that rests on thy return
 My fearful heart imagines vain;
 That fearful heart, still doom'd to mourn,
 Thine absence from our native plain!

S O N G.

IN this flow'r-blushing Vale, where meanders the Dee,
 Whose shining waves wander, reflecting the Moon,
 As softly the beams, on the dew-dropping tree,
 Arraying, with Glory, the Night's silver Noon:

Where, glowing in beauty, the verdure of spring
 Makes Nature all lovely and fair to the view;
 While zephyrs all soft, in the wave dip their wing;
 As soft on the landscape, descends the mild dew;

In this flow'r-blushing Vale, dearest haunt of my youth,
 Far distant from LAURA, dejected I rove,
 Where oft I repeated soft vows of my truth;
 Where oft she inha'd the sweet incense of love:

The Planets that smile on this balm-breathing Night,
 While Silence and Solitude muse on the scene;
 Recall the remembrance of many delight;—
 For oft have they witness'd how blest we have been!

But, suddenly veiling their orbs with the cloud,
 No longer they seem to incline to my care;
 And now, thro' the trees, the winds whisper more loud;
 And the waves, as they rise, seem to murmur—despair.

But still, since with LAURA was banish'd content,
 The winds, and the waves, and the planets, are kind;
 As the heav'ns that weep, while they hear my complaint,
 Since more they resemble the state of my mind!

S O N G.

OH LAURA! maid of my delight,
I know no bliss but in thy sight:

When thou art absent from the plain
It seems a desert to thy swain.

But when thy beauties I survey,
The gloomy prospect fades away:
Thy charms give lustre to the plain,
And Paradise revives again!

S O N G.

NOT only for thy beauteous face
And beaming eyes, divinely bright,
And form, replete with matchless grace,
Take I in LAURA such delight,
But for the beauties of her mind,
Respir'd to captivate the soul;
With all those blooming charms conjoin'd,
Which constitute the Perfect Whole.

MAID OF THE YARROW.

A PLAIN-TIVE BALLAD.

WHILE the Moon-beams all bright,
Give a lustre to Night,

I weep on his Dwelling so Narrow ;

And high o'er his grave

The willow-trees wave,

Who died, on the Banks of the Yarrow !

'Twas under their shade,

Hand in hand as we stray'd,

He fell, by the flight of an arrow ;

While, fast from the wound,

His blood stain'd the ground,

He died, on the Banks of the Yarrow !

Now,

Now lonely I move
Thro' the lab'rins of Love,
Where late I was blest with a Marrow;
I mourn—but in vain
I sigh for my Swain ;—
He died,—on the Banks of the Yarrow !

As wildly I rave,
And look on his grave,
Distraction my soul seems to harrow :
How blest were my doom
Could I sink in his Tomb,
Who died,—on the Banks of the Yarrow !

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Now lonely I move
Thro' the solitude of Love
Where late I was blest with a shadow
I met—
I fight for my Swain—
He died—on the Banks of the Yarrow

O D E T O L O V E

I.

LORD OF THE PASSIONS—all-subduing LOVE!
Great ruler of the soul, in pow'r supreme!
Of bliss thou mak'st thy Vot'ries often dream
The deepest torments of Despair to prove;
The wildest Grief, and Agony extreme:
For thou canst charm the senses to thy will;
And, when thy Victims lost in sorrow seem,
Send cheering Hope their throbbing hearts to fill,
And with Compassion's balm, the wounds of Anguish fill.

II.

Thou art the greatest bliss below:
And also the severest woe
When to Despair by Fancy driven:---
But when thou woundest with ecstatic smart.---
When thro' the soul thy thrilling transports dart,

Thine

Thine is the first delight to Mortals giv'n;
 They fondly share,
 Thy pleasures rare,
 And taste, while yet on Earth, the joys of Heav'n!

III.

See'st thou yon blooming Shepherdess reclin'd
 Beneath the shadow of the spreading tree?
 By LYCIDAS, her faithful partner, join'd?
 Sweet smiling Love! they both belong to thee.
 To thee and Innocence, unequall'd Pair,
 From whom the purest of our pleasures flow:
 In meek simplicity, they smile and share
 Thy melting ecstasies, unmix'd with woe;
 For with thy tender flame, their tender bosoms glow.

IV.

ALL-CONQUERING LOVE, explore yon dismal Cave,
 And thou wilt find the dreary contrast there;
 —There pines a youth impatient of the grave,
 Alive to all the torments of Despair:
 For gay PARTHENIA,* th' exulting fair,
 He suffers all the pangs of hopeless Pain!
 Pale-visaged Sorrow, and heart-gnawing Care,
 Augmented with the frowns of proud disdain,
 Still craving death, and craving still in vain!

V.

And, tell me, cruel LOVE, didst thou not steep
 The shafts in dire Affliction's poison'd bowl,
 Which, sinking in the breast of WERTER deep,
 Left all the fatal venom in his soul?
 Felt not his CHARLOTTE too thy sharpest darts,
 Thy cureless anguish, thy corroding care,
 When Honour sunder'd their congenial hearts,
 And gave the bleeding victims to Despair!
 Deaf to their fond complaint, and deaf to every pray'r.

VI.

Yet thou canst all the passions charm,
 Thou canst the icy bosom warm,
 The fiercest rage to meekness change,
 And blunt the arrows of Revenge:
 Or silence Malice, hovering near,
 To wound Suspicion's ready ear:
 Make pale Detraction check the lie,
 And melt the soul of Jealousy;
 Who, aw'd by thee, dispelling fear,
 Shall Envy's venom'd tongue defy,
 And share again thy heav'n-born sympathy.

VII.

PARENT OF LIFE! Delicious LOVE!
 In Nature's course to thee we move:
 Who canst her primal ties impart
 And ope the sluices of the heart;
 Can'st make on Zembla's icy strand
 That heart in scorching flames expire;
 Or on Arabia's burning sand,
 The frost of dread expell thy fire:
 Nor dost thou rule the human heart alone,
 For Creatures of each kind, confess thy Pow'r
 In chief the Dove, who pours to thee her moan;
 And the lone Mistress of the vocal Bow'r,
 Lamenting her lost Mate, at Twilight's pensive Hour.

VIII.

How often have I seen my LAURA stray,
 When moon-beams brighten'd on the dewy vale,
 To hear thy plaintive sorrow-soothing Lay
 Soft-warbled by the tuneful Nightingale—
 Which melancholy Bird, the Poets tell,*
 As once to silence a fond swain she tried,
 Dropt from the spray in striving to excell,
 Tho' still her little breast high swell'd with pride,
 In wild notes, sigh'd its melody away,
 Till, flutt'ring on the plain, th'exhausted Trembler died.

IX. Let

* See Phillips' Pastorals, and Bancroft's Poetical Exercises.

IX.

Let me again thy Pleasures know,
Nor let me longer share thy Woe,
And I will ever Venerate thy Name.
Again make smiling LAURA blest,
O make my LAURA blest as me ;
And then, " careffing and carefs'd,"
We, grateful, will devote our life to thee ;
By whom, from that Eternal Pow'r we came,
Who first pour'd beaming Light on Nature's fable Frame !

LOVE

L O V E - E L E G Y.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

Omnia vincit Amor.

VIRG.

HOW can the treasure of thy smiles be bought ?
 Or how, MARIA, can I gain thy love ?

Tell me, dear Saint, and quicker far than thought,
 I'll fly the ardour of my flame to prove.

Could the warm stream—the fountain of my life—

MARIA's ever sacred wish fulfil,

I'd rush with transport upon mortal strife,

And die with pleasure to complete her will.

Yet when my Constancy expires in death,

—The only pow'r that now can quench my flame—

When Faith's extinguish'd in the latest breath,

And Love's last accent dies upon thy name !

Thy

Thy flinty breast — thy harder heart than steel,
 Now void of pity, shall lament my fate ;
 Yes, ev'n MARIA's frozen breast shall feel,
 And new-born pity shall succeed to hate.

Thy melting eyes shall pour the fruitless tear,
 And heaving sighs shall speak thy sorrows vain,
 When, pale and lifeless, on th' untimely bier,
 Thou view'st the Victim of thy cold disdain !

A

F R A G M E N T.

————— *The Tempest in my mind*
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.

SHAKESPEAR.

THE raging storms of Night descend ;
 And clouds of darkness thicken round ;
 While o'er the waste my steps I bend,
 And listen to each boist'rous found.

Wild

Wild o'er the scene grim Spectres howl!
 Yet unappall'd the sounds I hear:
 They strike no terror thro' my soul,
 For Grief has still'd the sense of Fear.

More fierce, the dismal Fiend of Night
 Roars out like Nature in despair:
 While shoots the meteor's glaring light
 Along the wide expanse of air.

But, let the dreary Winter fling
 His complicated horrors round;
 Shake Thunder from the Tempest's wing,
 With death and desolation crown'd.

Tho' hard on my defenceless breast
 Descends the cold and drizzling snow,
 Till buried in eternal rest,
 I'll brave the wildest storms that blow.

I'll mock the fury of the skies,
 Tho' my despair their frowns increase:
 I'll pierce the desert with my cries,
 And swell the horror-sounding breeze.

Yon hills shall echo to my call,
 Till this poor heart its ease procure;
 Or, all their threat'ning ruins fall,
 To make destruction more secure.

S O N N E T.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY WERTER.

SEE'ST thou yon Maniac raving in the Cell?

Like me, to win a cruel maid he strove;
 But found his sighs, and tears could not avail;
 And in oblivious-madness lost his love!

In frenzy wild, he gnaws the iron grate;
 And—while his eyes like fiery meteors blaze—
 Smiles on the bloody Ruler of his fate;
 Who shrinks with horror from his lurid gaze!

Poor wretch! e'en in the midst of my despair,
 This aching heart can spare a sigh for thee;
 Yet buried from thyself thy Sorrows are,
 And thou art happy, when compar'd to me;
 With painful Mem'ry, to increase my woes,
 And Reason cursed,—I would, but cannot lose!

SONNET II.

BY THE SAME.

FROM yonder rocks, that overhang the shore,
 When sadden'd Nature's deepest frowns increase,
 I love to hear the dashing surges roar;
 And view the motions of the troubled Seas.

More pleasure than the smile of Summer gives,
 The wildness of these tempests bring to me;
 Which with the agitated heart agree,
 That droops in safety, and in danger lives.

And still the more as o'er the cliffs I lean,
 While the bleak winds of Winter round me howl,
 It feeds the fancy of my gloomy soul
 When Night throws darkness o'er the dreadful scene.

A fullen transport mingles with my care
 To find the Elements in like despair!

S O N N E T.

To a Friend on seeing him in the Company of a Person whose Character it describes.

AS you would flee Destruction, shun that fiend!
 For tho' he lavish praises to your face,
 The Ruffian lurks beneath the seeming Friend,
 And his *Ambition* lies in your disgrace.

Yes, he, like an assassin, lost to shame,
 And studious every mischief to improve,
 With Falsehood's dart, in secret, stabs the fame;
 Yet veils his treachery with smiles of love.

I thought him honest; and on him relied
 With boundless confidence and faith sincere;
 Till, blinded by the wiles his art supplied,
 He lur'd me unsuspecting to the snare:
 Yet he's beneath the scorn of honest Pride.
 Altho' his malice plung'd me deep in care.

SONNET.

Written on the Banks of the Dee.

TO this lone Valley I was wont to stray;
 Thro' which, O Dee, thy winding current flows:
 Thy wild-woods screen'd me from the glare of day,
 And gave the balmy blessing of repose.
 Ah! often, led by Cynthia's silver beam,
 —When not a cloud deform'd the azure sky,
 I fought the flow'ry margin of thy stream;
 "And fondly watch'd the wave that wander'd by."
 But now, the victim of corrosive Care,
 Forlorn and cheerless, on thy banks I rove,
 Pursu'd, where'er I wander, by Despair;
 The haggard Offspring of Neglected Love!
 From grief, I vainly hop'd a refuge here;
 Where sad reflection prompts the flowing tear.

S O N N E T V.

T O R E F L E C T I O N .

AH! why recall the hours that saw me blest?

Why bring the scenes of dear delight to view,

When Innocence, in virgin-splendor drest,

Beheld the fairy forms my fancy drew?

When, void of care, I path'd the flow'ry plain,

Serene my mind as Summer's mildest breeze:

These vain regrets but aggravate my pain;

And all the sorrows of my soul increase.

Thou canst not to my woes a balm impart,

And snatch me from the grasp of pining Care!

Nor draw her lovely Image from my heart,

Whose cold neglect consigns me to Despair!

In pity to my sufferings, then forbear

To edge, with pangs acute, the Soul-corroding smart!

S O N N E T O VI.

NOW slowly o'er the streaks of parting Day,
 Her dusky curtain, gentle Evening throws:
 As thro' the shades of Solitude, I stray,
 Where sighs the gale accordant to my woes!

Poor Philomela—murmurs in the vale!

Soft on her voice the notes of sorrow rise,
 While distant woodlands bear the plaintive tale,
 That on the lips of ling'ring Echo dies.

Sadly she breathes the woe-inspiring Lay,

In all the anguish of despairing love:
 Inur'd to grief—when I approach the spray,
 Still melting throes her tender bosom move.

Pensive I listen, while she pours her moan,

And think I trace a sorrow like my own!

IV. O T D N E. O 2

I cannot but remember such things were,

And were most precious to me.

SHAKESPEAR.

SCENES OF MY YOUTH! ye once were dear,
 Tho' sadly I your charms survey;
 I once was wont to linger here,
 From early dawn to closing day.

SCENES OF MY YOUTH! pale Sorrow flings
 A shade o'er all your beauties now;
 And robs the Moments of their wings,
 That scatter'd pleasure as they flew.

While, still, to heighten every care,
 Reflection tells me, such things were.

II. 'Twas

II.

'Twas here a tender Mother strove

To keep my happiness in view ;

I smil'd beneath a Parent's love,

That soft Compassion ever knew.

In whom the Virtues all combin'd ;

On whom I could with faith rely ;

To whom my heart and soul were join'd

By mild Affection's primal tie !

Who smiles in Heav'n, exempt from care,

Whilst I remember, such things were !

III.

'Twas here (where calm and tranquil rest,

O'erpays the peasant for his toil)

That, first in blessing, I was blest

With glowing Friendship's open smile.

My Friend, far distant doom'd to roam,

Now braves the fury of the seas :

He fled his peaceful, happy home,

His little fortune to increase.

While bleeds afresh the wound of Care,
When I remember, such things were!

IV.

'Twas here—ev'n in this blooming Grove,
I fondly gaz'd on LAURA's charms,
Who, blushing, own'd a mutual love ;
And melted in my youthful arms..

Tho' hard the soul-conflicting strife,
Yet Fate, the cruel tyrant, bore
Far from my sight, the Charm of life,—
The lovely Maid whom I adore.

'Twould ease my soul of all its care,
Could I forget, that such things were..

V.

Here first I saw the Morn appear
Of guileless Pleasure's shining Day ;
I met the Dazzling Brightness here,
Here mark'd the soft declining ray :

—Beheld

—Beheld the Skies, whose streaming light
 Gave Splendor to the parting Sun ;
 Now lost in Sorrow's fable Night !
 And all their mingled Glories gone !

Till Death, in pity, end my care,
 I must remember, such things were.
 11 7 49

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Page.	Line.	
35,	2,	<i>Read</i> , Now trac'd with <i>the</i> tear-streaming eye.
39,	15,	<i>for</i> mutal, <i>read</i> mutual.
55,	9,	<i>for</i> thy, <i>read</i> the.
63,		Title, <i>read</i> Love-Elegy.
Some errors, in the pointing, have, also, been overlooked.		

—Behold the skies, whose streaming light
 Gave splendor to the parting sun;
 Now lost in sorrow's fable Night!
 And all their mingled glories gone!

Till Death, in pity, end my care,
 I must remember, such things were.

F I N I S

E R R A T A

Page	Line	
22	2	Read, Now tread with the trembling eye.
22	12	For my soul, and my mind.
22	13	For my soul, and my mind.
22	14	For my soul, and my mind.
22	15	For my soul, and my mind.
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